

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 21, No. 39.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia, April 30, 1903.

\$1.00 a Year

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
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MONTEREY, VA.

Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
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Dentistry practiced in all its branches.

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Largest Fur House in America.
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Highest cash price paid for all kinds
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The Judge's Goose.

[The following poem was sent
us from Highland county, where
it was extensively circulated about
twenty years ago. It was written
by the late John Arbogast, sheriff
of Highland county, and father of
E. M. Arbogast of Marlinton.
The joke was on Judge Myers,
who in his prime was a very aris-
tocratic man, and becoming dis-
tasted with his sheriff in Staunton
on one occasion because he in-
sisted on being served with "ingans"
just to taunt the Judge. The Judge
to get back on him had a goose
cooked to order, and invited not
his friends.]

A noted judge, once on a time,
Desired to have a spree,
He called upon a big landlord,
For a big landlord was he,
First ordered up his whiskey punch,
And soon got in a glee,
Cried out my lord bring me a goose,
Bring it yes, all for me.

With lightning speed my lord
turned out,
A bounding gander caught,
And held him safely in his arms,
Until the judge was brought.
He summoned up his choicest
cooks,

The gander gave a squall,
To see so many lovely girls,
His poor old bones to boil.
Now here they come, yes Bettie
first,

Second is Mrs. Hire,
Sidney Smith brings up the rear,
And kindles up the fire.
They cook him slow, they cook
him fast,

They have a heap of fun,
Bring him on the Judge cried out,
I know the gander's done.
Next comes a scene that make you
laugh,

The judge in all his splendor,
Strokes his beard and then looks
smart,
As he views his greasy gander.

All right cried he my goose is fat,
Stand back and see the slaugh-
ter,
She's good enough for old Sam
Slick,

Or any of his daughters.
And now he's full up to the brim,
Of greasy goose and gander,
He snorts and foams and shows
his blood,

And sticks his mouth out yan-
der.
Underneath this same lords roof,
Are folks all dead with hunger,
And never got the least invite,
To taste of Judges' Gander.

Here stands poor Sam, back in the
corner,
John slobbers on the floor,
And Sidney weeps and cries aloud,
While Bum's behind the door.

This winds it up, the die is cast,
The goose has gone to thunder,
If the Judge's not sick by tomor-
rows sun,

'Twill be an awful wonder.
What shall we do, the Judge is mad
His head is fearful leave,
He'll jug us up to learn a trade,
Now folks this beats the devil.

He'll pounce upon us thick and
fast,
Just like a graveyard snatcher,
He'll slap us in as sure as sin,
With Williams, Burg and
Hatcher.

Another man of mortal fame,
Softer than spongy leather,
He says he'll stand right by the
Judge,
Through storm and windy
weather.

He's awful smart he thinks he is,
Yes smart enough for 'tinget',
Their never was a fuss in town,
But what his nose was in it.

Look at him boys as he walks by,
With self important features,
He thinks he knows it all himself,
The foolish creature.

The Judges part he's bound to take
When troubles o'er him come,
He'll throw his coat and show his
pluck,
And cry out boys I'm some.

His legs is short, his body round,
He'll make an awful fight,
But it is better yes by far,
Nosing round at night.

Just hold your horses stupid rats,

The half I've never told,

So when you hear it all my boys,
You'll think that you are sold.

The evening of the noted goose,
We heard some footstaps com-
ing,
We looked around and there be-
hold,
Some lovely lassies blooming.

A virgin hen was on the dish,
Well cooked and full of stuffing,
Behind the waiter stood two girls,
A smiling and a blushing.

Great God cried Sam what can
this mean,
And John commenced a weep-
ing,

'Tis manna free by angels brought
While we were both a sleeping.

No goose in this cried Sidney
Smith,
No gander said Mrs. Hire,
A fine fat hen just one year old,
Cooked nice with a gentle fire.

Now eat said they until you're done
This hen is all for you,
As you were slighted in the goose,
You must have something too.

Poor Samy hungry, almost dead,
He pounced upon the fowl,
He tore its legs and wings all off,
Just like a big Hoot owl.

He's ate poor John, looks wish-
ful on,
Until the hen was carved,
He then jumped in like cruel sin,
For he, was almost starved.

Now we are done good luck dear
Judge,
The Holidays are over
Success to all both great and
small,
My name is Poet Rover.

Killed While Resisting Arrest.
Trouble in the coal mines of
Fayette still continues. Last week
John Harless, leader of the strik-
ers at the Staunton City, was
killed in resisting deputies. He
was living in a deserted house,
which was surrounded and being
called upon to come out and be
served with a summons from the
supreme court, he jumped from the
window and running toward the
deputies began to shoot.

Harless was shot twice in the body
and died shortly. He has always
said he would die before he would
be arrested, and lived true to his
word. He leaves a wife but no
children.

A coroners jury returned a ver-
dict that John Harless came to
his death by gunshot wounds in-
flicted by John Laing and Stewart
Hurt, two of the Deputies. Laing
is one of the persons threatened
with death by the strikers, accord-
ing to the tale of one Coon
whose affidavit was published in
this paper some weeks since.

Warrants were immediately issued
for Laing and Hurt. They waived
examination and were held in a
bond of \$1500 each to answer an
indictment in the Raleigh county
court.

Notice to Contractors.
Notice is hereby given that the
undersigned Road Superintendent
of Huntersville District, in the
county of Pocahontas, will receive
sealed bids until noon, May 15,
1903, for the repairing of the
large bridge across Knapps Creek,
near Huntersville, said work to
be done in accordance with speci-
fications filed with W. H. Barlow,
at Huntersville, and S. L. Brown,
at Marlinton.

Each bid is to be accompanied
with bond with approved security
in penalty double the amount of
of the bid. The right is reserved
to reject any or all bids. Bids
may be filed with either of the
above named parties or with the
undersigned superintendent.

J. C. HARPER
Road Supt. Huntersville District.

NOTICE
Owing to the great pressure of
business have been entirely un-
able to make any arrangement for
my school to begin May 4. I am
sorry to disappoint those who have
arranged with me for instruction.
Hoping however that I may some-
time again be able to offer my-
self as a helper in the school work.

I beg remain. Yours for im-
provement.

G. M. SHEARER.

THE NEW SCHOOL LAW

**Truant Officers Like the Game
Warden.**

**They will Wander About Seeking
Whom They May Devour.**

The new compulsory school law
reads as though it would prove
effective. We have had a compul-
sory school law for some years
but no one ever seemed to know
it.

Under the present law the board
of education will appoint some
one a truant officer who will sum-
mon the unwilling little block-
heads of his district to school
where learning will be adminis-
tered to them by ramming it down
their throats. If the child refuses
to partake of the tree of knowl-
edge, then the father or guardian
will either pay his fine or go to
jail.

The state provides the schools
at great expense and it is deter-
mined that the children shall be
instructed.

We have been acquainted for
years with sheriffs, constables and
policemen and know what they are
like. And in the last few years
we have come to know game war-
dens, a class of officers created by
statute. But we do not know what
a truant officer looks like. We
have never seen one, but about
the first of July next the four
boards of education of this county
will each appoint a truant officer
who will write the proud initials,
"T. O." after his name whose
duty it will be to herd the little
folks in the various school houses
of his district.

Now a boy of twelve or four-
teen is a very useful animal and
Pa will have to have Ikey at home
on Monday to go to mill, and on
Tuesday he be just naturally com-
pelled to have Ikey to help butch-
er the hogs, and then Pa will have
committed a misdemeanor, and the
teacher will telephone to the
truant officer sleuth, and the jus-
tice will issue a warrant.

Then some fine day when Pa is
working a pesky yoke of oxen
which have just about wore him
out the truant officer will come
and arrest Pa and take him off to
court and the Justice will give Pa
the lowest fine, because he likes
Pa, about six dollars, and the
truant officer will apologize to Pa,
and Pa will say that they done
their duty and he dont hold no
spite again them, but darn that
school teacher!

Then Pa will go back home and
send Ikey to school every day and
lay for that school teacher. Ikey
and the other boys that have to go
to school when they want to be
out doors, will get restless and
throw paper balls and talk and
shuffle their feet. Then Pa will
say that the school teacher,
she dont keep no order in school,
and ought to be fired, and they'll
have a big trial over her. Her
sweet-heart will come up from the
lower end of the county and pick a
fuss out of Pa and give him a
beating and they will both be in-
dicted by the next grand jury for
fighting.

Then they will have a big trial
over the school teacher and they
will clear her, but the school
teacher will resign and say she
aint going back to that school-
house any more, no not if she
starves.

I have attempted to give a pic-
ture of some possible complica-
tions that may arise in that prin-
cipality, known as a sub-school-
district.

As I read the law my mind
went back to the days of my first
school. As I regard it now there
is very little difference between
the success and failure of
a four months term of school at
a cross roads so far as the world
at large is concerned. But I did
not so consider it at that time. It
was the biggest contract I had
ever undertaken and I wanted to
make a success of it. The danger
I had to fear was that I would
not draw a good house. At that
time it was the custom of the
country to freeze teachers and Pa

preachers out of their jobs. I be-
lieve that now it is mainly con-
fined to the preachers. Then an
unpopular teacher saw his school
run down until only two or three
were gathered together and the
poor teacher had very little to do
beside draw his salary. He would
fill the two or three little heads
full and then doze at his desk,
read a newspaper, or write to his
best girl, until the long hours wore
away. Presently the school would
shut down a month or two months
before the term should have
closed.

Knowing the danger I was in,
I fairly worried myself sick at
times, fearing that some morning
I would find myself without any
scholars. I never had a scholar
to miss a day but what the fact
gave me the greatest uneasiness
and was magnified in my mind as
a sign that my usefulness was at
an end and that I would return
home a failure.

With a condition like this a law
like the present would be the
greatest boon. The teacher who
had an idea that his was a great
work, and that the eyes of the
world were upon him would never
lack for material.

As I look back over my experi-
ence as a public school teacher
I cannot complain of the atten-
dance for I soon found out that
the only way to fill school-houses
is to make it interesting for the
children, and no manager of a
variety show ever racked his brains
harder than I did to draw a good
house.

As it happened a day came in
the midst of a school term when I
did not have a single scholar. It
was in December, 1890, and one
Tuesday morning we woke to find
a 37-inch snow on the ground.

Not a scholar appeared and before
the school opened again I had got-
ten a teacher in my place and I
have never taught since, and prob-
ably never will again, as the strain
is too great for the salaries paid.

Clover Lick.
The mud has about dried up in
this part, and the farmers are
plowing and sowing oats.

Sandy Patterson and Sam
Galford have moved to our town
we gladly welcome them.

Mr R. H. Dilley of Virginia is
in this part doing some work on
his farm.

Aamos Wooddell and S. B.
Moore of Edray passed through
town today.

Andy McCopin is able to be
out again we are glad to say.

Miss L. J. Meeks has returned
home from Mr. Vandevorts of
Linwood, where she has been
staying for a few weeks.

S. H. Doyle was in town one
day this week doing some work
for Dr. Ligon.

Ed Dilly and Jacob Sheets
spent Sunday on Elk.

The concert at Wooddell's
school house was a failure, Mr.
Dilley did not get there with his
talking machine.

Mrs. P. H. Meeks is visiting
her daughter, Mrs. B. B. Ham-
brick, at Clover Lick.

E. S. Meeks is working in
Green Mountain Lumber Camps.
Miss Nannie Sheets has been
on the sick list but is somewhat
better.

MOUNTAIN ROVER.
Owney's Howl.

"Owney's Howl" is the latest
addition to the newspapers of the
state. It is issued from the Fay-
ette County jail by one C. W.
Owney, detained for embezzle-
ment. The paper is something
out of the ordinary as is the editor.
The following howl seems to come
from a heart overburdened with
spring poetry but not with joy.

The rainy weather makes us blue;
We're feeling bad, by gum—
We wish the grand jury would
get through,

So we wait feel so glum.

CHESTNUT POSTS WANTED.
Chestnut Posts Wanted—10
cars at once measurement 5x5
bottom 2x5 at top or square 4x4
8 feet long. How many can you
furnish. Frank Patterson. 1433
Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

HUNTERSVILLE IN 1823.

**A Letter From Col. H. Peyton From
Huntersville.**

**The County Seat Town. John Brad-
shaw's Home. The Tavern
Keeper.**

On Tuesday at two o'clock we
arrived at Huntersville, the seat
of Justice of Pocahontas county—
a place as much out of the world
as Crim Tartary. Owing to the
bad condition of the roads we
were much fatigued and bore
many marks of travel-stain. The
so-called town of Huntersville
consists of two illy-constructed
time-worn, (though it is not time
which has worn them,) weather
beaten cabins built of logs and
covered with clap boards. My
negro cabins on Jackson's river
are palaces in comparison with
them.

One of these wretched hovels
is the residence of John Brad-
shaw the other is called the Loom
House for these people are self-
sustaining. They spin and weave.
The big wheel and the little wheel
are birring in every hut and throw-
ing off the woolen and linen yarn
to be worked up for family pur-
poses. The home-spun cloth, too,
is stronger and more durable than
that brought by our merchants
from Northern manufacturers.

In Bradshaw's dwelling there
is a large fire-place, which occu-
pies one entire side, the gable
end. The chimney is enormous
and so short that the room is filled
with light which enters this way.
It is an ingenious contrivance for
letting all the warmth escape
through the chimney, whilst most
of the smoke is driven back into
the chamber. In the chimney-
corner I prepared my legal papers
before a roaring fire, surrounded
by rough mountaineers, who were
drinking whiskey and as night
advanced growing riotous. In the
back part of the room two beds
were curtained off with horse-blank-
ets—one for the Judge, the other
for myself. To the left of the
fire-place stood old Bradshaw's
couch. In the left, to which they
ascended by means of a ladder, his
daughter and the hired woman
slept, and at times of a crowd a
wayfarer. The other guests were
sent to sleep in the Loom-house,

in which was suspended in the
loom, a half woven piece of cloth.
Three beds were disposed about
the room, which completed its ap-
pointments—one was allotted to
Sampson Mathews, a second to
John Baxter, the third to George
Mays, and John Brown. The
loom was used as a hat rack at
night and for sitting on, in the
absence of chairs, in the day. As
here was not a chair or stool be-
yond those used by the weaving
women, my clients roosted on the
loom while detailing their troubles
and receiving advice.

Bradshaw's table is well sup-
plied. There is profusion, if not
prodigality in the rich, lavish
bounty of the goodly tavern. We
had no venison, as this is a shy
season with the deer, but excellent
mutton with plenty of apple sauce,
peach pie and roasting ears. As
a mark of deference and respect
to the Court, I presume, we had a
table cloth—they are not often
seen on Western tables and when
they are, are not innocent of color,
and clean sheets upon our beds.
This matter of the sheets is no
small affair in out of the way
places, as it is not unfrequently
happens that wanderers communicate
disease through the bed-clothing.
Old Bradshaw's family is scrup-
ulously clean, which is somewhat
remarkable in a region where
cleanliness is for the most part on
the outside. A false modesty
seems to prevent those salutary
ablutions which are so necessary to
health, and I did not commend
myself to the good graces of the
hired woman by insisting on my
foot-bath every morning.

We remained five days at Hun-
tersville closely engaged in the
business of the Court, which I
found profitable. Pocahontas is
a fine grazing county, and the sup-
port of the people is mainly de-

rived from their flocks of cattle,
horses and sheep, which they
drive over the mountains to mar-
ket. There is little money among
them except after these excursions
but they have little need of it—
every want is supplied by the
happy country they possess, and
of which they are as fond as the
Swiss of their mountains. It is a
pretty country, a country of diver-
sified and beautiful scenery in
which there is a wealth of verdure
and variety which keeps the at-
tention alive and the outward eye
delighted."

The Story of an Army Dog.
(CIVIL WAR.)

In a very interesting book en-
titled, "War Talks of Confederate
Veterans," Dr. John Herbert
Claiborne figures who says:
"When in the memorable cam-
paign of 1864, Lee and Grant, on
the 18th of June, confronted each
other in the trenches at Peters-
burg (Eastern Virginia), I was in
the city, assigned to duty as sur-
geon or executive officer in
charge of all general military hos-
pitals at this post. In April, the
2, 1865, the long struggle ended:
the panorama of trenches, fierce
fighting, columns of uniformed
and non-uniformed men in battle
line, shells exploding, cannon
booming, musketry rattling, the
wounded, dying, dead, moved on,
and the city of Petersburg, the
whole confederacy as well, had
fallen." Dr. Claiborne contin-
ues, "I received my orders to
leave the city and take with me
such surgeons, hospital attachés,
etc., as I could. Among the ser-
vants was a sprightly colored lad
whom his mother (one of my own
slaves) bade with many impreca-
tions and adjurations to "follow
master to the end of the earth, and
never come back unless master
came back." "Mounting my horse
I slowly followed my little party.
I crossed the river and on the high-
way at Ettrick took one last look at
Petersburg, as it was. Here I
overtook my cortege, and muster-
ing them, found one absentee.
This was a yellow, bob-tailed,
bob-eared, rough-haired Scotch
terrier, about twelve years old,
who had seen no little service and
showed it. He was irritable, sel-
fish, frail as to virtue; his name
disagreeably linked with many
scandals, but full of faith in his
master, and irrevocably at-
tached to his master's fortunes or
misfortunes. I had given him
chief of ambulance orders, that
whoever was left behind, Jack
should go and transportation fur-
nished him. Jack thought to
highly of himself, to walk, and
had ridden more thousands of
miles, had fallen out of more ve-
hicles, and been run over often
than any other dog in the world.
I assert this without fear of con-
tradiction. Jack had few friends
and little capacity for making
friends. Some trouble had arisen,
I suspect, between the dog and
the chief of ambulance, and hence
Jack was left behind. "Return
at once to the city," I said, "and
bring me my dog or fall into the
enemy's hands with him." The
man looked at me for a minute, as
if to question such an order, but
four years of discipline and obe-
dience had not lost its force on
the first night of the retreat, and
he turned off to retrace steps to
Petersburg. I never expected to
see him again, but late at night,
after we had gone into camp, he
returned on horse-back, (he had
borrowed a horse) and was lead-
ing Jack by a chain of white
handkerchiefs. I did not enquire
where he got the horse, but hav-
ing some curiosity to know where
he got the handkerchiefs, I ven-
tured to ask him. "Well, sir,"
he said they are breaking up
everything in town and robbing
the stores, and I found these
handkerchiefs at the head of Old
street."

We were very tired after the
stirring incidents of the day, and
most of us were soon asleep.
But speedily awakened by heavy
firing, both of artillery and mus-
ketry, a few miles to our right,
threatening pursuit and capture.
So we thought best to break camp

and continue our march. One
tremendous explosion caught such
panic, that Jack had slept on my
blanket at my side, became de-
moralized and sought individual
safety in individual flight. As he
disappeared in the darkness I
never expected to see him again,
and never did until after my re-
turn, some two months later to
Petersburg, when he was the first
one of my acquaintance to meet
and greet me. His subsequent
history I need not relate. He
was a poor soldier, always left
the line when the firing began,
impelled by thirst or some other
consideration of a personal nature,
but his services in civil life, enti-
tled him, in my belief to the
right of civil sepulture, and you
will find his grave in the section
marked, "Claiborne," in the old
Blandford cemetery, and his epi-
taph in the 3rd chapter of Ecce-
stasies, 20th and 21st verses."

From "War Talks."
A. L. P.

Marlinton, W. Va.,
April 1903.

Some Signs.
For twenty-five years or so a
large sign has been hanging in the
court-room of the Greenbrier
county court-house:

WHEN YOU WILL PLEASE BE SEATED
WHEN ENTERING THIS COURT-ROOM.

Now this court-room is frequen-
ted by dignified lawyers who form
one of the ablest bars in the state.
As it caught my eye I wandered
what Henry Gilmer, Major Harris,
or Judge Campbell would look
like if they made a good entrance
to this court room in that manner.

We are told that in society a
great deal depends on making a
good entrance. In a Hindu temple
you can remove your shoes and
crawl in. In some of the Abyssin-
ian courts you must lie down and
wriggle in like a snake. But a
different mode is prescribed for
the Greenbrier court-room. You
must be seated and slide in. The
hands would be very essential in
voisting yourself forward, and if
here happened to be a stray car-
pet tack the result would be pain-
ful to contemplate. We saw the
sign and commented on it and a
lawyer sitting by in the bar said
that some time since there had ap-
peared a neat sign in the post-
office of Lewisburg which read:

LOST—AN UMBRELLA WITH A
STRAIGHT, BENT HANDLE.

Perhaps one of the most extra-
ordinary signs ever seen was one
which hung for years on a busi-
ness house